Volume VI Chicago, Ill., January, 1930 Number 10

The Liberal

TIME

The following was found written on a Sundial in possession of a man who had died of starvation:

"Time is too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice.
But for those who love, Time—is—Eternity."

(Anon.)

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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Lure

There is something irresistably fascinating about the Future. Though we dwell in the presenі, yet we forever live in the Future, drawn on by some strange compulsion like the oceans that respond to the tides. It must be that the Future is more than disclosed; else a little discovery would satisfy the soul. No, the Future is divinity's laboratory where the ideal is being converted into the real. We are lured to this laboratory by the call for helpers whereby we may join our little lives with great issues, far flung visions, stupendous causes. Though we are here today and vanquished on the morrow, still the cause we have helped make real and live among men from out the shadowland of the ideal, will give us enough confidence to trust for further realization whatever the Future holds within its secret bosom.

Quench not the Lure of the Future. It is the gateway to a life of insight, understanding, serenity, peace!

—Argow.

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume VI Chicago, Ill., January, 1930 Number 10

GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Little New Year, my friend-to-be,
Come take these gifts; they are all for thee!

I give thee to laugh at many a rout
That the last little New Year wept about;
I give thee to soar where he barely crept
And to rise, alert, where he slothfully slept;
I give thee to walk with steadier tread
Past the low green grave of a pleasure dead;
I bring thee the gift of a tenderness
Which is last year's sorrow in New Year's dress;
I bring thee power that the old year earned
In drudging toil and in soft ease spurned;
A dusty talent from off the shelf
And a taggard will, ashamed of itself;
A broader, kindlier Charity
For the little world that I share with thee;
A Faith which the Old Year found but frail
Rising to give the New Year hail;
And brave little Hope with her dauntless smile
Ready to share the last long mile.
And best of all, lest we go astray,
You and I on the untried way,
A heavenly Guide for every day!

Little New Year, my friend-to-be,
Come take these gifts; they are all for thee!

Ruby E. Weyburn.

MEDITATION

Delivered By Dr. Bradley at the Evening Service of The Peoples Church of Chicago, Jan. 19, 1930. Stenographically Reported.

Infinite and Eternal Heart, thou who art the eternal standard by which all the excellencies of earth may be measured and ascertained, in the solemn beauty of this evening hour we approach the source of inspiration and of truth, of light and of love, asking that our minds might be imbued with a sensitiveness of understanding and our hearts reflect the beauty of sympathy and of love toward all people of all creeds, of all churches, and of all religions; that we may overcome the obstacles; that we may have a magnitude of heart and a spaciousness of spirit that shall elevate us to the broad plateau land of inclusiveness, where, with unobstructed vision and with undimmed glory, we can look out upon the achievements of those who are attempting to make for the happiness and the prosperity and the peace of mankind.

May there be nothing in our hearts tonight except kindliness. May there be nothing in our minds except fairness and a sense of justice. And may all of us who are laborers together, in this world in which we find ourselves, cement ourselves together more closely, more tightly, with the cement of human sympathy and human understanding. Forbid that anything of the sectarian narrowness that characterizes so many utterances upon so many important problems be a part of our discussion tonight.

May there be one place, may there be one broadcast, where there shall go an inclusiveness of the spirit, a comprehensiveness of the heart, that shall make us all aware of the great problems and difficulties of weaving a fabric of life that shall not carry any mistakes and any mars and any shoddy places and any neglected moments. May this accentuate every heart and every spirit in the unity of our meditation tonight. And if we are here, of whatever religious communion, if we are Catholics, if we are Reformed or Orthodox Jews, if we are Liberal Christians, if we are Fundamental Christians, whatever might be our characterization, before we are any of these things that separate us, may we be primarily and essentially human beings. And may the humanity of life's problems be the inspiration of our solution. In the fineness of our own humanity may we create an answer to our prayers.

"IF I WERE A JEW"

A Sermon Preached in The Peoples Church By Dr. Bradley, Sunday Evening, Jan. 19, 1930. Stenographically Reported.

It is not an easy task which I have outlined for myself tonight. It is one which within the confines of the time which is allotted at my disposal, it will be utterly impossible for me to adequately discuss with satisfaction either to myself or this great audience and the thousands we have reason to assume are listening upon the air. Because of the limitations of time, I hope I will be pardoned for those lapses of logic or those failures to adequately discuss with a sufficient completeness some of the prob-

lems which I might only intimate. I would like to have my listeners, both visible and invisible, understand that when I leave you apparently in the clouds of obscurity and do not completely and finally exhaust that which I only intimate, I am just as aware of the incompleteness as you are yourselves.

I am going to be presumptuous enough tonight to discuss the question for you, If I Were A Jew. I should never have discussed this question if it had not been for the similar arrogance of my distinguished friend and colleague, a man who has my profound respect and admiration, both for his scholarship and spirituality, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the Free Synagogue of New York City.

Doctor Wise came to the city of Chicago two weeks ago this evening and before an audience similar to this one—he broadcast as well—discussed the question, If I Were A Christian. I had the good fortune, and I consider it a good fortune, to hear the latter part of that address. It was impossible for me to hear it all because I was giving an address and broadcasting simultaneously.

I think Doctor Wise and myself are both very arrogant people. I think for a Jew to discuss the question, If I Were A Christian, and for a Gentile to discuss the question, If I Were A Jew, is the very height of arrogance, and I think we are both putting ourselves in a position to be seriously criticized on the part of the intellectually discriminating for daring that upon which neither of us knows exactly what we would do, for neither of us is religiously or racially the thing we are seeking to discuss.

When Doctor Wise discusses the question, If I Were A Christian, Doctor Wise is only conjecturing. When Preston Bradley assumes to discuss the question, If I Were A Jew, Preston Bradley doesn't know what he is talking about and consequently with that hypothesis I immediately disarm myself of being a recipient of any antagonistic criticism on the part of any who might hear either of us—for I, at any rate, do not admit that I know what I would do if I were a Jew. All that I know is what I think I would do if I were a Jew. There is a vast difference about saying what you would do if you were a Jew and what you think you would do if you were a Jew.

So far as I know, there is not a drop of Jewish blood in my veins and arteries. I shouldn't be ashamed of it if there were. I should never take the position that some Jews have to the extent of changing their names or wanting to deceive the people as to their racial affiliations. I want to say to the Jews listening and to the Jews who are here that I would never change my name to meet the emergencies of commerce or to meet the demands of a social structure. They to me are both unworthy of consideration.

If I Were A Jew by blood and by race I would remain a Jew. I would sufficiently familiarize myself with both the historical excellency of my blood and the contributions which the superlative characters of my race have produced in every department of creative activity: literature, art, science, music, poetry, drama, sculpture, philosophy, education. The whole realm of the creative human spirit has been aided and is dignified, enhanced, inspired by the Jewish people. There is no reason in the world for any Jew to be ashamed of his name, ashamed of his race, ashamed of his blood or ashamed of his religion. I am suspicious of any Jew that is.

Therefore, I think the first thing that I would do if I were a Jew would be to accentuate the realities of those types and personalities that are sovereign in my race and I would ennoble those virtues. I would add to

the sublimity of my people by my own contribution to human life.

Therefore, by way of hypothesis, ladies and gentlemen, upon this question of what I would do if I were a Jew, I can readily trace my own reactions in the light of these past eighteen years that I have stood in this pulpit and attempted to help in the Liberal movement in this city and throughout the country. I am not going to treat this subject as I might have treated it eight years ago, ten years ago or fifteen years ago. Some of you here tonight might remember me in those early far-off days of dangerous adolescence in the pulpit, when I knew a great deal more than I know tonight; when I was sure that I knew more than anybody else knew upon any subject that I talked about. When I knew what was the matter with every church except my own. When I know what was the matter with every religion except my own. When I knew what was the matter with every race except my own. When I knew what was the matter with every country except my own. When I knew what was the matter with every city except my own. When the range of my information was extended to the very furthermost reaches of imperfections in everything that was not my own and about everything with which I did not agree in those days. I had the attitude of the cynic. I had the attitude of the intense rationalist who was deifying an intellectuality to the extent that I could not see any truth whatever in any point of view that was not my own.

I shall never forget that I preached a series of sermons on Roman Catholicism. There I stood, in all the lordly dignity and all my immaturity—the tragedy of my inexperience! And I thought that all that the Roman Catholic church needed to go entirely out of business in this world was for me to get up and tell the people why I was not a Roman Catholic. I discussed the historical background of evolution in religion. I discussed the problems of comparative religion. I discussed miracles. I discussed the panorama of Catholicism. My friend Quigley was archbishop of the Diocese of Chicago at that time. When I thought I had succeeded in this subject—I thought I had succeeded in closing up Roman Catholicism and stopping its influence forever as a great social and intellectual personal force. The Archbishop answered me by building, within the sound of my voice, a Roman Catholic church of great beauty and architectural grandeur. That was the answer to that.

Then it was that I thought, with my friend Rabbi Emil Hirsch, that so many people love with such deep reverence and such profound acknowledgement of his unimpeachable scholarship, I thought that I would antagonize Christian Science. I was worried about Christian Science. Christian Science was growing and developing. Doctor Hirsch, was worried about it, too. Almost every week he would lose some member who had joined some Christian Science church. The old gentlemen became disturbed about it. So did most Protestant preachers and with some the excitement still lasts. We wondered if we hadn't better put Christian Science on the defensive to the extent it would stop growing and no longer win from our congregations, with the result that I preached a series of sermons on why I was not a Christian Scientist. I thought that would settle that for all time. And so I discussed the question of reality, I used all the assinine illustrations and trite phraseology of pseudothinkers, reformers and halfbaked preachers who discuss religions they don't know anything about. So I went to work with Christian Science and I started in to put Christian Science in its place—Nowhere! I discussed reality. I didn't know then what I know tonight that

the problem of reality is the greatest problem that is disturbing the philosophers of our modern life. Philosophy has no greater problem tonight than the problem of reality. It is the one outstanding philosophical problem that is commanding the attention of all shades of philosophical thought and I preached of philosophical grandeur, but I didn't know it. I had to put Christian Science out of business and so I preached this series of sermons on Christian Science. The result was that after I was all through behold— Christian Science at that time only had six churches and I think now that they have just dedicated the twenty-first or twenty-second—I married one and I have lived very happily with her for a great many years. The fact of the matter is that I think it is explanation of our happiness together. She would have to be a Christian Scientist in order to live with me.

Then it was that I said: "Well, I am a little worried about Spiritualism." I said: "I must put Spiritualism out of business." And so I preached a series of sermons on why I was not a spiritualist, I resurrected all the spooks and would-be spooks and all the spooks that had been investigated and with the glibness of unknowingness—and there isn't anything so glib as unknowingness—with that glibness, I attempted to discuss this problem of survival and the still greater problem of immortality. I preached a series of sermons on Spiritualism; and the last sermon I preached on Spiritualism, a dear old lady in my congregation, who had heard a whole series of them, came up to me after the service and said to me: "Oh, Doctor Bradley, while you were preaching this morning," (these were in the old days at the Pantheon) she said, "While you were preaching this morning, all the time you were talking, I saw standing beside you a perfect materialization of Henry Ward Beecher." Oh, the challenge of a world like this!

Then it was that I got worried about the Jews, and that is something to worry about. It is something that worries every Gentile more than they will admit, and If I were a Jew I would keep them being worried. It is good challenge. I got worried about the Jews and I saw what I thought was a definite trace of a certain materialistic pressure that came from an abandonment of an ethical ideal and that had been a part of the Hebrew consciousness as far as history records. I saw through various personalities and various agencies, particularly as they were in control of the field of entertainment and in many of the avenues of business, that there was a tendency of abandoning a high moral ideality and of those ethical emphasis in order to lower down or tone down to a certain level that they thought existed in human society and pander for the purposes of profit. I thought it was evidenced in the attitude and character of some Jews.

I thought because of the capacity of these who have a peculiar cleverness for the genius of organization and for the development of great instruments as the mediums through which their dreams can be achieved, that here was a danger that could be definitely traced to a certain type of Jew, a voluptuous, sensuous Jew, a Jew who had forgotten the synagogue of his fathers, a Jew who had deserted the high moral ideality of the roof that had given him shelter; the religious enthusiasms that dominated and dictated a racial policy to the extent that though the Jew is found in every country in the world, in every city on earth, in every commonwealth of the globe, there is a distinct racial consciousness. The German Jew, the Russian Jew, the British Jew, the black Abyssinian Jew, the South American Jew and the Chinese Jew— these Jews who are scattered

throughout the civilized world all have certain traits in common. There are black Jews, just as black as any Negro of the South. There are these Jews that have gone to all parts of the world. And wherever they have gone there has been retained by them a distinctive racial consciousness, a distinctive racial characteristic that in spite of fire, in spite of dungeons, in spite of all the Christians have done—and the Christians have done a plenty—in spite of all the progrom, in spite of all the persecutions, there is no deeper stream of human blood in the history of civilization than Jewish blood, enough that we all tonight could be wading knee-deep in that fluid of Jewish blood if it were all to be poured in one territory. Jewish blood! And in spite of it all, they have retained a certain individuality of racial conseciousness that challenges the student of anthropology that defies students of philology, that constitutes one of the greatest problems in the amalgamation of the various racial units in the countries of the world for the purpose of making a better and finer world in which to live.

Far be it from me tonight, ladies and gentlement, to add one single word or intimate one single word that would make the cleavage of antagonism between Christian and Jew, between Gentile and Jew, deeper than the bloody pages of history affirm or to make us any more strangers to each other because I a Gentile and you, perhaps, a Jew, separated by nineteen centuries of religious emphasis ought to feel, ought to know, and you ought to feel and the Christian ought to feel, and we all of us ought to feel that before we are even Jew —hear me! I am a human being, —and if I were a Jew, this is the one thing it seems to me I would do. Before I am a Jew, before I am a Christian, before I am anything, I am a little part of humanity. I am first a human being. I am a living breathing, vibrating, pulsating bit of human protoplasm and that in the generation in which I live, all these centuries that have poured themselves into my veins and arteries.

If I were a Jew I would shout it from the housetops. I would put it in every form of propaganda that it would be possible for me to find. If I were a Jew I would live it, I would teach it, I would breathe it and help us who are Liberals in our attitudes of religion and life in this great struggle of humanity to see the truth that racial hatreds must go. They will pass if their reason for existence passes.

There never will be any permanent peace, there never will be any day-dawn of universal love that Christians have dreamed about, prayed about and tore out hearts to verify; that there will never be any of this until you a Jew and I a Christian, you a Gentile, I a Jew, until all of us get big enough to sweep aside racial prejudices and religious distinctions and demarcations—these things must go. And the only way they can go is by a sympathetic, illuminating, intellectual understanding of the great problems that we have to face in the amalgamation and then discard them forever.

Why have these Jews been hated? Why has this blood been shed? They are not the criminals of the world and they never have been! They are not the despicable characters that so many people seem to think and they never have been! Why are there apartments with a sign hanging in them, "Gentiles only"? Why are these clubs in which to be known as a Jew means you will be refused admittance? Why, in this day and age of the world, in a civilization like this, why must these things be?

If I were a Jew I would find out why, and when I had found out why I would take the Jew, the Jew that is responsible, the loud Jew, the mouthy Jew, the

parvenu Jew, the Jew that wants to be seen and heard, the Jew that is always, always present, vociferously and publicly, the Jew—you know the kind of Jew I mean. Jews know them better than I do. But I would take the Jew who is the minority Jew—don't you Jews get angry at me now. I told you I was arrogant. I could say as much about some Christians. But don't you Jews get angry with me in this particular and don't think I am making a mere specification of one particular race or particular people in this particular proclivity. But if I were a Jew I would want to know why I was not wanted in an apartment. If I were a Jew I would want to know why I was not wanted in a club. If I were a Jew I would want to know why someone makes, behind me, unkind, cutting remark of characterizing my race; the Jew that has given the Jews the representation which the Jew bears is a minority Jew; and if I were a Jew I would bring that type to terms. It could be done, not with Gentiles, not with Christians—but with Jews! You are the ones. Jews are the ones to bring those who bring these characterizations against this people to terms themselves. They are far in the minority.

Let me say this in passing, for my time is nearly gone and my subject is just started. Perhaps I had better continue it next Sunday night and dismiss the one I was going to speak on. Perhaps we may have to do it. But in these closing seconds and minutes which are mine, let me say this: I do not want to get into the Palestine problem. I do not want to discuss Zionism. I am not authoritative in the discussion of Zionism. Doctor Wise in his discussion of, If I Were A Christian, went into the question of Zionism.

Well, in the first place, there is no Holy Land. Every Christian sect, all the different kinds of Catholics, Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox Catholics, the old Holland Catholics, known as the Old Catholics—when anybody says there is only one kind of Catholics it shows he does not know what he is talking about. There are two hundred different kinds of Protestants and my people on the radio now can switch the dial from one thing to the other and at this time, quarter after eight Chicago time, and you can hear upon the air some or all or pretty nearly all of the two hundred discussing each other. Every one is wrong except the one you are listening to and doing the discussing. I don't hold any brief for the Christian. My point is simply this. In the Holy Land—so called — every single kind of Christian philosophy that ever had any semblance of chararter is there and now they are all there in the Holy Land, all fighting each other. We have always been great fighters, religionists have. That is one of our distinguishing characteristics.

If Jews and Christians would spend as much time in the next quarter of a century trying to solve the educational, sociological and the economic problems of modern society by making a mutual contribution of their individual best, this world would be put forward five centuries. Instead of that we are fighting about our creeds and our dead gods, our synagogues, our temples, our creeds that have been written by men, all of them, including the Jews . There is not a ceremonial that the Jews use in their whole Orthodox Judaism down to the modern temple that was not first used by a pagan people in a religion extraneous to the religion of the Jews—not one! You Jews are no better off than we are when it comes to a matter of that sort. The paganism of organized religion came out of a dead past of a common ancestry and my plea tonight is that though we bow at different altars, we might take each others' hands and look into

each others' face and say to each other, "My brother—my brother."

Then let us go to work, go to work and solve unemployment, go to work and solve a city's finances; go to work and solve problems; go to work and solve the problems of our social structure; go to work to amalgamate the forces of education; go to work to stop the damnable treachery of war; go to work to break down these barriers of the past and cement ourselves together with the problems of the future.

It seems to me if we can do that, and that is my plea, if we can do that together with this final thought: I refuse, ladies and gentlemen, to indict a race for what any member of that race does. You can't indict a race because of the worst individual in it. You and I ought to judge all the world by the best that is in us and not by the worst of us. That is the way to judge. Therefore, when a man says to me, "I hate Jews," I say, "Oh, no you don't. You may hate a Jew, but you can't hate Jews.' When a man says to me, "I hate the Irish" —that is when he steps on my toes— I say to him, "Oh, no you don't. You may hate an Irishman, but you have no business to hate the Irish." When a man says to me, "I hate Germans," I say to him, "Oh, no you don't. You must not. You may hate a German, but you can't hate Germans." Don't you see, my friends, that none of us has a mortgage on ethical idealism and love? Don't you see that organized religion hasn't it? How foolish it is to think that it has!

Now I close, for my time is gone, with this classic story that I love. Some day I am going to give you a lecture on the Jew of History contrasted with the Jew of fact. I am going to talk about Disraeli in contrast with Paul Sue's "Wandering Jew." I am going to mention one hundred men I can mention in contrast with Shakespeare's Shylock. I am goig to talk about the Jew of history in contrast with the Jew of fact. Where in all the galaxy of clean living will you find any finer character in the world than the old Orthodox Jew? He was clean in his eating— divorce and cancer unknown. The two scourges of modern life the Orthodox in the old days seldom had.

When he goes to pray, with his long beard and his skull-cap and the devotions of his soul, don't be too sure, young Jew, that in your modernity, in your sweeping aside of the conventional moralities, don't be too sure when you turn your backs upon the religion of your fathers but what you ought to take the best with you, and if you take the best with you, you will be a better Jew and you will be a better man and you will be a better father and you will be a better neighbor and you will be a better citizen.

I read Lessing's "Nathan The Wise" once a year. Do you know why I read it? I want to keep my perspective. I read it because so many times things come up in my life, those things would make me hate certain Jews. I read it because there are so many things that would hurt me. Lessing's "Nathan The Wise." You remember the young man says to Nathan, "O Nathan, you are so good. You are so fine. I almost think that you are a Christian."

And old Nathan turns to him and says, "Ah, my boy, what makes me to you a Christian makes you to me a Jew."

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"THE RED CHRISTMAS CANDLE"

By Grace Thayer Bradley
(PART SECOND)

Gus noticed Buddie was breathing with difficulty, his little face flushed, his lips parted, and shadows under his eyes not made by his sweeping lashes. "Ye-ah" sighed Gus, who often audibly expressed his thoughts, "I'll cook up some onions an' poultice 'em on him. Mother used to do that I remember when we was little fellows an' had croope, John an' me; an' we'll have onion soup too,—ye-ah!" Soon he had a kettle of onions boiling on the stove in the small kitchen, and when they had cooked a while he made a poultice, and setting on the side of the bed he spoke gently as he rubbed lard on Buddies chest and then put on the hot poultice, almost unheeded by the little boy.

"Pretty sick you be, I guess, little fellow. You don't care what I do." Buddie's heavy eye lids opened, he looked at the old man a moment puzzled and a weak voice whispered "Santa Claus?—No—uncle Gus. Is it Christmas"?—"Tomorrow Buddie is Christmas. Your Dad's gone to town an' mebby he'll see Santa, an' mebby he'll be here when you wake up, if you'll go to sleep now!" Right—uncle Gus—Mother'll burn th' candle—Mother will," his eyes closing—"the big red can-dle"—his voice lost in heavy breathing. Two tears dropped from Guses blue eyes onto the hot chubby little hands, Gus drew the blanket up over them, then sat himself down in the rocker near the heating stove, crossed one long leg over the other and gently tapped the floor with his foot as he slowly rocked.

Looking around the room his eyes rested upon many evidences of Nan's good taste and natural effort to make even a two room cabin attractive and homey. Cheap cretone curtains of pretty pattern hung over the ruffeled white ones, there was a window seat with bright cushions on it, some pictures framed in birch bark on the walls; and a stand made of a box held a few plants in the south window. Nan loved her tiny home and her husband—she must have to have endured all the hardships, and the cold that she was'nt used to. And the boy? Lord how she worshiped him!

Gus nodded his head as his thoughts ran back over the years. He recalled the time when Mat and Nan had first come to the woods to live for Mat's health, and when he was well and strong again in a few years, they had grown to love the big broad freedom of the woods too much to go back to a cramped city life and the struggle to keep up with ones neighbors.

It must have been lonely for Nan, with none of the things she'd been accustomed to. Some times she sat and gazed out the window as tho desiring to pierce the solemn loneliness of the forest to its deeper meaning. But their was always a smile on her lips and a ready wit at the tip of her tongue. It was hard to realize she was gone, and now the little fellow—Gus jumped up and looked at Buddie who was breathing with slightly less difficulty.

The hours wore along; by mid-afternoon snow began to fall, at first softly, silently, then the wind came whistling through the pines, whirling the snow in sharp gusts against the window, tossing it in great clouds and drifts across the bay.

Dark fell quickly and Gus placed a lighted lamp in the window. Finally above the screeching wind and moaning pines he caught the sound of the "Huskies" barking, as they came over the bay through the blinding

snow, drawing the "bob" with Mat and Doc. and Pete.

The men entered by the kitchen door, shaking off the snow and warming their hands at the stove. "How's he been?" asked Mat anxiously. "Slept most of th' time, but th' last hour or so he's talked lot about having to light th' candles, an' he tried to sing a little song about Shepherds." Gus answered scratching the back of his head and not looking at Mat.

The Doctor and Mat hurried into the next room, while Gus put the coffee pot on the stove and got out bowls for the onion soup. It was some time before the Doctor and Mat came back to the kitchen and the Doctor insisted that they all have some of Guses hot soup. "Did you put that poultice on the boy, Gus?" he asked with his hand on the old man's shoulders, "it may be old fashioned—but it may have saved his life! He's got a bad bronchitis and I'm going to stay tonight." Mat arose and returned to the bed side of his boy—Nan's boy—all he had in the world! Young Peterson drove away with his dog sleigh to spend the night in Gus's cottage and keep the fire burning. Gus remained to watch with Mat and the Doctor through the long hours of the night while a little child hovered on the mystic borderland, and the wind ceased its moaning, and the snow fell softly till it stopped past midnight, and a cold silver moon made the white blanketed earth radient.

Gus stood by a window awed by the glory of the scene he looked out upon. In a deep saphire sky shone the largest, most brilliant star he ever remembered seeing! "Still"—he questioned himself—"where had he seen it before just like that?" turning from the window his gaze met a picture on the wall of the Three Shepherds pointing to the great star in the East.

"Ye-ah,—must be th' picture I'm thinkin' of!"

He sat in the shadow in the dim room where he could watch the handsome childish head on the pillow with the candlelight falling softly upon it. A little earlier the Doctor had taken from his bag a large red candle, lit it and sticking it to a saucer, placed it near the bed. "Softer light on him than the lamp," he said.

"My wife asked me to bring two of them home to burn in the windows, and I'd just bought 'em at John's when Mat found me. Glad I got 'em. They'll burn for hours."

The silence was not broken again, as the night dragged on. Poultices were changed on the little chest, and some medicine given from time to time. The Doctor kept a finger on Buddie's wrist, and twice leaned over him for long minutes, with an anxious expression. Mat sobbed and went into the kitchen. Gus stepped to the foot of the bed. Buddies eyes opened,—he blinked and blinked as he looked at the red candle two thirds burned down. His childish voice was not only weak but awed as he said: "Mother promised me a big red candle for this Christmas! She said they put them in th' window to light the Shepherds! Do ya think th' Shepherds have passed?" "I dunno',' answered the Doctor, a break in his voice, "but here's another big candle Santa Claus must have sent you from town." And it slipped out of his grip on the floor beside him, the mate to the candle already burned low. Buddie held out his hands for it and clasped it close to his breast. The Doctor smoothed back the moist curls from the boy's temples and patted the soft round cheek gently. With a deep sigh of relief he said to Gus, "Well—th' long night is over! He is going to pull through, th' fever's broken." Gus leaned over and whispered "Go to sleep little fellow—and Santa Claus'el come when it gets daylight." "Tell him not to bother—uncle Gus—he sent what I wrote him for, an'

we can light it in th' window tonight—'cause don't ya' think—mebby th' Shepherds'll come this way?" Drowsily drawled Buddie, holding tight the large candle already becoming a molten mass of red wax in his warm palms, as he turned over and sank into a natural sleep. The Doctor blew his nose lustily and went into the kitchen with the unexpected glad tidings to Mat.

A mist like a fog swam before Gus's eyes; the old woodsman felt need of air—to get out into the open to breathe. Grabbing his jacket he went stealthily out into the unbroken sea of snow. Wiping the mist from his eyes on his rough coat sleeve he picked up an ax from the woodpile and wandered stumbling a bit, till he came to a small balsam tree that ancient emblem of life. And while he chopped this sturdy trunk he planned how he'd stand it on the table, and hang the candy cane on it, and tell the jimcracks and lumberjacks had been leaving at the cabin all evening for Buddie, in spite of his admonition "Santa Claus needn't bother."

Gus put the sweet scented tree on his shoulder and retraced the path his footsteps had made thru the snow drifts. He stood for a moment—tall, straight as an alder—his fine rugged face upturned as he gazed at that brilliant star, shedding its silvery beams earthward, each scintilating point clear cut against the purple sky of Christmas Morning. "Peace" he said half aloud, "Peace, th' Preacher said, an' Goodwill to Men!"

(The first part appeared in the December issue.)

ANOTHER YEAR

An so we start down the path of the New Year!

It is not strange that we linger a few moments and look back over the way we have just trod—for has it not been a beautiful path—a splendid year—a great memory?

Ever since the opening on the third Sunday in September the Church has been a veritable bee hive of activity! The Sunday services have all been so well attended, the messages from the pulpit so earnest and inspiring, the loyal friends so encouraging how can we expect otherwise than to reap good from such serving? How can we look for anything but fine and splendid things ahead developing from such a beginning! Just back of us lies the beautiful Candle Light Service of the Sunday Evening b e f o r e Christmas. Ah! we will not soon forget that! Like a benediction it will remain with us as we walk down the New Year! The church was crowded to capacity, as it was a year ago on this occasion. While the people sat in the shadows of the dimly candle lighted church the choir, seated in the top balcony, sang carols which floated out like heavenly music! The candle light procession of young people carrying candles down the two center isles to the pulpit was a lovely sight indeed, and they were followed by the children from the Sunday school in white robes.

The one act play "A Vision of Christmas" given by the uptown Players was the most beautiful and artistic thing ever done in the Church. Marion Shriber was a lovely orphan child "Rascher," Dorothy Hoefer the "Frau Marta Kraut", Hazel Frary the child "Mina," Richard Munster the boy "Dort," and Nina Williams the "Grandmother." Mr. James Griffin directed the play. Then followed the liturgy of the Candle Light service impressively read by Dr. Bradley, the service closed with "Silent Night" sung by the choir echoed by the organ chimes. The people in silence sat in the shadows for several moments, feeling that they too, like "Rosshen" the orphan, had seen "A Vision of Christmas"!

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.
Woman's Club—Every Monday,
Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.
Young People's Club—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.
Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.
Pastor's Cabinet — First Monday evening.

JUNIOR WOMAN'S CLUB ORGANIZES

The Junior branch of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church have organized, elected their officers, and planned an exceedingly worth while program for the year. The club, which already has twenty enthusiastic members, has elected the following officers:

Helene Elfstrom, Pres.

Anna Koch, Vice Pres. and Social Chairman

Helen Ruth Williams, Sec'y.

Ruth Pfeff, Treas.

Marguerite Sager, Phil. Chair.

Virginia Weingarten, Ed. Chair.

Margaret Walters, Membership Chairman

Constance Campbell, Program Chairman

Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf, Mrs. Preston Bradley, Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Mrs. Mark Lindquist, and Mrs. R. E. Eddy are the senior sponsors.

These girls, between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, have needed an activity of their own for a long time, and it is hoped that this club will fill that need, and provide an outlet for independent expression. Regular meetings are held every first and third Thursday of the month, at members homes or at the Church.

Our first important event was the tea on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 15th at 3:30 P. M. in Preston Bradley Hall. A small guest fee was charged, the proceeds going to Park Ridge School for girls. This is the school that is doing so much good in the work for dependent girls of Illinois. Mrs. Tuckerman, state chairman, was the guest of honor and made an address. There was also some readings by Constance Campbell and Irene Eddy and Helen Williams.

On the following Thursday evening, Dec. 19th, at the home of Mrs. W. H. Hemsdorf, a charming instructive and informal lecture was given by Mrs. Preston Bradley on the Shakesphere country.

All young girls between the ages of fifteen and nineteen are cordially invited to join the Junior Woman's Club.

R. A. H. L.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Welcomed to its Membership Sunday Morning, Jan. 5, the Following Named Persons:

Miss Margaret Blohm, 2407 North Albany Avenue

Miss E. Dutton, 910 Airdrie Place

Miss Ruth Floreen, 4527 North Sawyer Avenue

Mrs. Louise Fosse, 1613 Thome Avenue

Mrs. Alma Jacobsen, 27½ North Wisconsin Street, Elkhorn, Wis.

Mrs. Elaine Lauer, 841 Galt Avenue

Mrs. Pauline Mager, 4200 Hazel Avenue

Miss Hilda June Major, 1006 Leland Avenue

Mr. and Mrs. Paul W. Pretzel, 2515 Winnemac Avenue

Miss Erma Radtke, 3814 Central Park Avenue

Mr. Frank L. Rein, 7230 Carpenter Street

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Mr. Herbert Swalgren, 1006 Leland Avenue

Mr. Jack H. Tilles, 5745 Ridge Avenue

Miss Marie A. Tilles, 5745 Ridge Avenue

Mr. Henry M. Walker, 1020 Lawrence Avenue.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH?

The Church is man when his awed soul goes out
In reverenve to a mystery that swathes him all about.
When any living man in awe gropes Godward in his search,
Then in that hour, that living man becomes the living Church,
Then though in wilderness or in waste, his soul is swept along
Down naves of prayer, through aisles of praise, up altar-stairs of song,
And when man fronts the mystery with spirit bowed in prayer,
There is the universal Church—the Church of God is there.

Sam Walter Foss.

PASTOR'S ACTIVITIES

During the month of December Dr. Bradley kept the following engagements:

1—Sermon, Peoples Church
1—Sermon, Peoples Church
1—Sermon, Evanston, Ill.
2—Address, Church Dinner
3—Address, Grand Rapids, Mich.
4—Address, Downers Grove, Ill.
5—Address, Lansing, Mich.
6—Address, Arche Club
6—Address, Homewood Masons
8—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
9—Minister's Meeting
10—Board Meeting, Peoples Church
11—Address, Oak Park, Ill.
15—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
16—Address, Woman's Club
16—Address, Laymen's League
17—Address, Congress Hotel
17—Address, Park Manor
18—Address, German Club
18—Address, Blaney Masons
20—Sunday School Christmas Party
22—Three Sermons, Peoples Church
25—Sermon, People Church
25—Radio Address, WJJD
29—Two Sermons, Peoples Church.

FUNERALS

Dec. 1st, Mr. J. W. Pauley, Interment, Columbus, Ohio.

Dec. 1st, Mrs. J. W. Pauley, Interment, Columbus, Ohio.

Dec. 20th, Mr. Douglas Richeson, Interment, Rosehill.

Dec. 27th, Mrs. Elizabeth McEwing Cochrane, Interment, Graceland.

WEDDINGS

Dec. 4th, Ralph A. Boarts and Joan Young

Dec. 7th, Ernest Chalmers Holden and Katherine Ann Shewski.

Dec. 19th, Bertrand V. Teale and Mima Crane.

Dec. 21st August Anderson and Jane Davidson Lee.

Dec. 21st, Albert C. Barber and Anna Helen Stewart.

Dec. 22nd, Leon R. Hollingworth and Dorothy Heilwegen.

Dec. 26th, Arthur L. Scritchfield and Sophia Metsale.

Dec. 31st, Mark H. Ervin and Mazel T. Philips.

Dec. 31st, Jandon M. Ridgely and Margaret L. Palmer.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

January held some most interesting days on the Woman's Club Program.

January 6th, Mr. Abram Mendenhall addressed the Club on the "Romance of Time," this being the fourth years he has appeared on the program. Mr. Mendenhall is always enjoyable.

The Educational Dept. gave a morning, Jan. 13th to the subject of "Women Prominent in Poetry," with Mrs. Grunwald as a most able chairman. Papers were read on Edna St. Vincent Millay, Harriet Monroe and Amy Lowell. Mrs. Helen Williams and Mrs. Riley gave some selected readings.

The Community Service Program was given Jan. 27th when Mr. Rodney Brandon, State Chairman of Public Welfare, addressed the Club a large audience

being present. Luncheon was served at noon, after which Mrs. R. E. Eddy, Conservation Chairman, read an excellent paper.

The outstanding event of the month was the Mid-season Luncheon, held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel Jan. 20th. This is always the affair looked forward to by the club members and their friends. On this occasion the guests of honor were the President of the Woman's Club of the Ninth District, and Dr. and Mrs. Bradley. They were all introduced by Mrs. Hermsdorf our President, in her own gracious manner, and each responded to the introduction with a few brief remarks. The program was given in the Lincoln Room, where Mr. James Griffin, the artist of the afternoon, gave a very fine program of dramatic interpretive readings, including poems by Vachel Lindsay, Millay, Daly, Sarett and others. The enthusiastic audience obliged Mr. Griffin to give four encores at the close. The success of a program is judged by the appreciation of the audience and so—an other beautiful Mid-season affair goes down in Club history.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Featuring the return of Helen Williams and John Graham, two members of the Player's prize-winning vehicle, the Uptown Players presented Bayard Veiller's mystery drama "The Thirteenth Chair," on January 21, 22, 23.

A different type of detective role from that he played in "Smokescreen" fell to Graham in this play. His cool detached portrayal of the investigator, given relief by the adroit interpretation of Sergeant Dunn by George Gairing furnished a spectacle of unusual hawkshawing.

Florence Cook, the mystery-shrouded, witty Madame Rodalie La Grande, upon whose shoulders fell the burden of establishing communication with deceased persons, raising tables by trickery, and finally out-detecting the detective, sent shivers of excitement and fear through the audience as she called forth spirit voices.

Playing opposite Helen Williams in her character as secretary to his mother and sweetheart to Howard Standish, appeared a new juvenile Francis Morrom. He looked and acted in quite believable fashion the devoted lover.

Helen Williams appears to have acquired considerable stage presence as the result of her long stage run with John Graham and Arthur Bluhm in "Smokescreen," on the Orpheum Circuit.

This production marked the first experiment of the group in the field of the popular mystery type of play. Groupings and handling of the extremely large cast were done with consumate skill by James Griffin, director.

Other members of the cast not mentioned above were:

Mrs. Crosby—Edna Benton Haan
Edward Wales—Fred L. Pierce
Mary Eastwood—Peggy McGirl
Helen Trent—Dagney Sandell
Grace Standish—Karin Santy
Bradish Trent — Howard Rapport
Howard Standish — Draster Munson
Phillip Mason—Richard Munster
Elizabeth Erskine—Edna Gustafson
Pollack—John Esdale
Doolan—Herbert Elfstrom.

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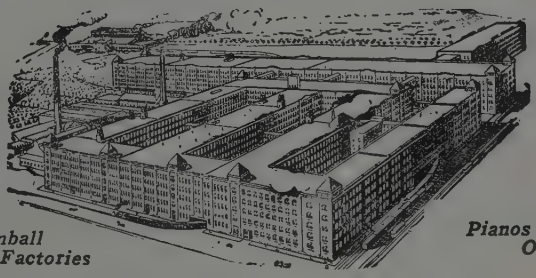

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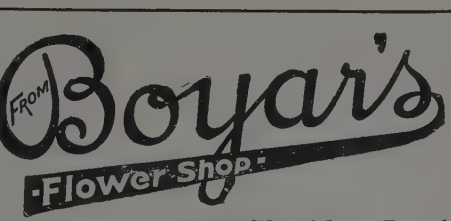

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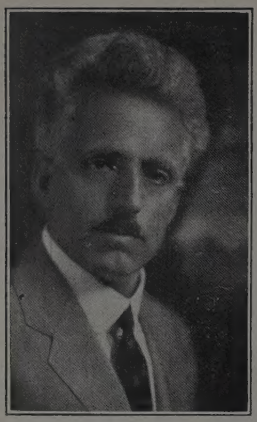

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